

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Are upon us right now

I say the signs of the times
are looking us square in the eyes
while chemical toxic waste are polluting our minds
and left over smack running through our veins

The signs of the times are like a heavy dark cloud
moving when we move, moving where we move
I mean its real black in our times

To our right, we got Dow Jones and AT&T running a game
Knowing just where we'll be, in the year 2,000
To our left, Amy, Rosalyn, Jimmy, the peanut clan
^{Pennie} Now Reagan, Cowboy Man, he's the
^{gen} president of this land!

On the top Ozone layer now thin
permitting deadly sun rays to get in, ^{damaging our skin}

Under our feet, the trash and the filth, broken bottles,
beer cans the stench, the ilk. Damn Mr. Man what are your
rules for playing this hideous game of horrors, your game
of death.

The signs of the times are ^{upon} now in us. Our sons and daughters
with tracks on their arms and babies in the womb, and they
still think the stalk brings it. Our sons in the youth
house, jail house, rehab. house, damn the signs of the time
are ugly as hell. Husbands in her house, now his house,
numbers house, Hugh Hefner house, Penthouse and aint never
in our house.

4/10/100

DIS-EDUCATION IN ALL SCHOOLS
PASS PRODUCING IDIOTS AND FOOLS
PIN BALL MACHINES AT THE TOP OF THE LINE
TOYING AND DESTROYING OUR YOUNG FOLKS MINDS
GOING GOING GONE
DYING DYING DEAD
DRUGS, POLLUTION, TOXIC WASTE, NEUTRON BOMB,
CLONES, ROACHES, STORE FRONT CHURCHES, POISONED FOOD,
BIRTH DEFECTS, GINO'S,
A LIVE STATE OF DEAD

DYING
DEATH.

4/27/82
Zul-Lahifa Zahir

DECADENCE

DE-CA-DENCE as in DECAYED
GOING GOING GONE
DYING DYING DEAD
PROJECTS PROJECTING
RATS INFESTATIONS
MINDS OVER MATTER OF SLUMS
PESTILENCE, SCUM
DRUGS TAKE A LIFE
NOT A HOLIDAY
GAY IS IN, OUT OF JAIL WE'RE NOT
TRACKS ON YOUTHS ARMS
MAMA'S WITH GENERAL HOSP. ON THE BRAIN
GOING GOING GONE
DYING DYING DEAD
BROTHER GONNA WORK IT OUT
AFTER THEY #GET ON#
CONTAMINATED WATER,
BIRDS FALL FROM POLLUTED SKIES
TREES WITH BLK GREEN LEAVES
NO BUTTERFLIES TO BE SEEN
BLK BOARD JUNGLE SPRINGFIELD AV
FOLKS ON SPRUCE ST. RUNNING MAD
CLINTON AV, A THING OF THE PAST
SISTERS , BROTHERS YELLING, KISS MY ASS
BROAD AND MARKET, ZOMBIE TOWN
WHO'S EVER GETTING ON, COME ON DOWN
GOING GOING GONE
DYING DYING DEAD

Years Later

Zakiratu 1/14/81

Did you Get the Message, I say did you get The Message
Holiday as in Holy-day. a day of reflection,
Set Aside remembrance

Got Georges day, Lincoln day, May day, Veterans day
All Saints day Ash Wednesday, Pres. Elect Day, Pay day, ---
Just Got Martin's day, But still no Malcolm Day.

Have you got the message, Have you got the message.
Has This Hero died in vain
No gratitude shown, Though he's been slain
us as a people with nothing to claim,
Aint important enough, I guess.

Gave the Pope a whole week, Jimmy Carter got 4 years
Had the Nerve To Recognize Gerald Ford.
Still No Malcolm Day, No Revolution on the way?
He is for Real, it is for real.
Got the message yet?

Had a world wide mourn-in for an un-hip
hippy Beatle Boy. he cried, I want to hold your hand.
Martin cried, I want to hold your heart
Malcolm cried, I want to hold The Gun,
Knew where folks was coming from

(Cont)

cont
II

Years Later

Zakuraku

1/14/81

Malcolm Talked his ass off,
while Trying To Overcome

Give Peace a Try !! ??

Than Boom Bang Rang in the Streets
The Prince of Hope, The Man of Peace, was gone

Have you got the message, Martin
Dun-Bee To The Mountain

Have you got The Message - Malcolm
Gotta Make Our own Heros

Have you got The Message, make our own Holy-Days

Have you got The Message, Still waiting for Them To Say Okay

Give those folks Their Holiday, The KKK is here To Stay

A Bloody holiday is ahead, no calendar to remember our dead
And our Nation will mourn, Not theirs
And we will stay home, and we won't go to work

Then we'll finally get our Holiday

Give Peace a chance, Peace By Piece

The Ballot or The

As it was in the beginning
So shall it be in the end.

In majestic procession, we strolled in
with Grace and promptness, garments flowing
Arms Held High, Heads Straight & Erect
we Led our Pharaoh Leaders in dignified Step
(EGYPTIAN Type DANCE)

After The Splendor of Egypt's Time Zone
Our folks were subjected To Chains AND A Yoke
Our Movement restricted To Quivers & moans
Legs Heavy with Chains, while Pain racked our bones
Sold for our bodies and not for our brains
Attached To Each other by Shackles & Chains
With longings of Freedom and Home once Again
(SLAVE DANCE)
Wolofsa don

The Roaring Twenties Came in with
A Twist, And Folks was Flapping Their
Arms Legs And Hips

(Charleston)

The 30's Were Toned Down A bit
While Folks Barely Moved, Just Dipped
(Trucking)

40's Hot And Fast Came in
With its Own Class, Over The Head
And Through The Legs The Lindy Hop
Was The Rag

(Lindy Hop)

The 50's came and once again
Dance Partners were in.

(Slow drag)

once
Arch 1054

3/2/18
9/12/84

Smooth, Mellow Sixties, The Time
Just Right, Red Light in the basement
Ok, The Time, Out of Sight!!

(Tighten-up-geek)
Funky Broadway

Up Pops The 70's Fast as can be
No more partners, just dance and be free.
(Scissors, Robot)

Now The 80's is what's Happening now
We got steps to Quick, so fast you have
To Get up To Get Down
(moon walk.
Break Dancing)

1990's. A future Trip, No prancing
No Dancing No Slip in your Hip.
Our bodies contaminated our minds
Shot out to, Our movements narrowed
Down to only from and to.

(movements similar)
to Zombies

The year 2000 should raise our hope some
Cause if you Read the Scriptures it says "We're
The Ones" We'll Turn This Madness 360° around
And we'll be the Rightful Nation who'll Be Getting
on Down.

African Celebration
(Dola)

On The Real Side

On The Real Side

I Loved you more Than you Loved Yourself

my nostrils filled of you
Whenever I Took A breath
And my hearts momentum
Only Steady when you're Near

On The Real Side

I Loved you more Than you Loved Yourself
my only Comfort in Sleep,
WAS To Wake and hear your Voice

On the real side

I Knew your worth and Aspirations
Far greater Than They're expectations

The greatness that you possessed
Showed boundries only second to God.
why don't you Expand!!

(Cont)

my dreams were about To All Fall in
Till when I saw six small grins
Upon the face of my children

And Then I Knew without a doubt.
I HAVE NO Need To frown and Pout ---

my dreams are The Only Consolation I HAVE
Since my Lord gave me children To
Dream on and with, for me.

Sails On My Dreams

Zalivatu
10/80

My dreams were the only consolation I had,
Till my Lord blessed me with children to
Dream on and with, Then you came,
Put sails on my dreams, and off they went.

My dreams, my fantasies, were magic in my brain
I'd wonder in sweet sensation like I was insane
Then you came, put sails on my dreams,
And whoosh! They're off.

Lonely nites at two & three, were flights I'd
Take to be care free, to ponder thoughts
Of ecstasy

Then you came, put sails on my dreams,
And off went all my hopes, my dreams.
They glide beside me now, unable to touch
The inner me,

My dreams, they fade like clouds, no
Longer smell of musk, instead they smell
Like rotten hopes, my dreams, no longer
Twinkle in my eyes, instead they pour
hysterical cries,

(cont)

I SAID!, on the real side
That your being WAS my Existence
And Anything short of that WASN'T real

CAN'T I be for real, for you?
So I'd be complete, feel SATISFIED To SAY,
On The real side, being for real

I LOVE,

LOVING

HAVING LOVED you, Really

Sails On My Dreams

My dreams were the only Consolation
I had, till my Lord blessed

Am I insane
Just to want the things that shine?

To hold on to what glitters in the nite
Before the day rubs it out

Am I insane to want to hold on to
My home, my land, my me ?

My insanity, only caused by the unrealness of you!
Playing chess with my people and the chess board
being A-mur-der-ca's soil
With African Pieces, we just don't fit

Am I insane to want to smell the air
That breathed life into my being?
Or feel the soil that suckled me
Back home, the womb of the world
AFRICA

Got to be insane,
To look like I look, and act like I act

Wearing all this stuff, here in America

Now you know I'm insane, teaching my seeds
Like I should have been taught
Making them strut, instead of bopping down the street

Whew! they sure make me shine
Look out sun, are you ready for this
Look out America, you'll never be ready

To many of us now Looking like home
Looking like, Lamumba, Musa, Daud, Ayesha, Amira, Khabirah, and Kharimah

To many of us now talking like El-Hajj Malik
And acting like Idi Amin

Got to be insane!
To become sane enough
To deal with the truth

The truth will, has, set me free
To be
Just me

And you

Say I'm insane
Mad as a white dog out of heat

(cont)

Well, you're right

Insane enough, mad enough
To look like I look and wear this stuff,
And remember Malcom everyday
INSANE!?

You gotta be CRAZY

ZUL-LATIFA ABDAL SABUR ZAHIR

ASLEEP

Ever wake up and feel like
Some new grass or flowers in the spring?

With butterflies flittering by?

And children voices off in the distance
As lovers moan in a hidden patch of greenery?

Did you ever do that?

WAKE UP! YOU'RE STILL DREAMING

ZUL-LATIFA ABDAL SABUR ZAHIR